

DIVINE HARMONY:

BEING

A COLLECTION OF PSALM-TUNES,

IN THREE, FOUR, AND FIVE, PARTS,

COMPOSED BY

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A N D

THE LATE REV. THOMAS SHARP, M.A.

SECOND TENOR.

L O N D O N:

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DIVINE HARMONY.

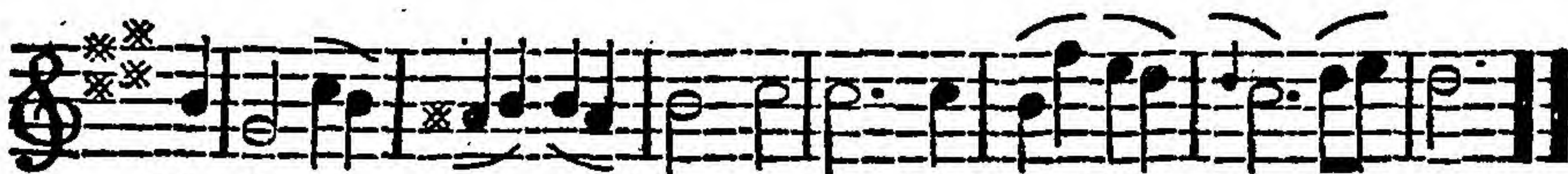
No. 1. — P S A L M XIX.

Cheerful.

New Version, Common Metre. — Double Tune.



5. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, Which Thou a-lone dost fill;
7. God's per-fect law converts the soul, Reclaims from false de-sires;
11. My truf - ty coun-sel-lors they are, And friend-ly warnings give;



5. The fir - ma - ment and stars proclaim Their great Cre - a - tor's skill.
7. With sacred wif-dom his sure word The ig - no - rant in-spires.
11. Divine re - wards at-tend on those Who by thy precepts live.



6. The dawn of each re - turn-ing day Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
8. The sta-tutes of the Lord are just, And bring sin-cere de-light;
12. But what frail man ob - serves how oft He does from vir - tue fall?



6. From dark-est night's suc-ces-sive round, Di - vine in - struc - tion springs.
8. His pure commands in search of truth As - sist the fee - blest sight.
12. O cleanse me from my se-cret faults, Thou, God, who know'st them all.

No. 3. — P S A L M CXVII.

Moderato.

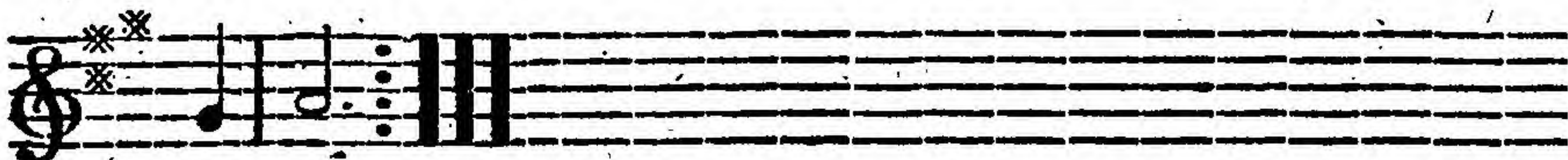
New Version. — Common Metre.



1. With cheerful notes let all the earth To heav'n their voi - ces
2. God's ten - der / mer - cy knows no bound, His truth shall ne'er de -



1. raise ; Let all, inspir'd with god - ly mirth, Sing so - lemn hymn
2. cay ; Then let the will - ing na - tions round Their grateful tri -



1. of praise.
2. bute pay.

No. 4. — P S A L M CXXXVII.

Translated by the Rev. Phocion Henley, M. A.

Andante.

Common Metre.



1. As pen - sive by the streams we sat, Which wa - ter Ba - bel's plain,
2. Our harps, which once in hap - pier days, Je - ho - vah's prai - ses sung,
3. Whilst thus, with inward grief op - prest, We mourn'd our country's wrongs,
4. How shall the sprightly harp re - sound With great Je - ho - vah's praise !
5. If e'er of thee, O na - tive land, My heart un - mind - ful prove,
6. If in my mirth, for - get - ting thee, On o - ther themes I dwell,
7. Re - mem - ber, and re - quit them, Lord, How E - dom's ha - ted race,
8. Daugh - ter of Ba - bel, doom'd to bleed For thy im - pe - rious sway,
9. Blest who on thy de - vo - ted head Shall heav'n's just vengeance pour ;



1. Thy fate, O Si - on, fill'd our eyes With tears, our hearts with pain.
2. No more were tun'd to notes of joy, But on the wil-lows hung.
3. Our voices re - quir'd a cheer-ful strain, "Sing one of Si-on's songs."
4. How shall we sing, to ears pro-fane, Dear Si-on's sa-cred lays?
5. Let my right hand for-get her skill The warbling string to move.
6. Fast in e - ter - nal si - lence bound, My tongue may utt'rance fail.
7. With im-pious ma-lice, urg'd the foe To waste thy ho - ly place.
8. Blest shall he be, whose righteous sword Shall all our wrongs re - pay.
9. And, deaf to all thy children's cries, Pol-lute thy streets with gore.

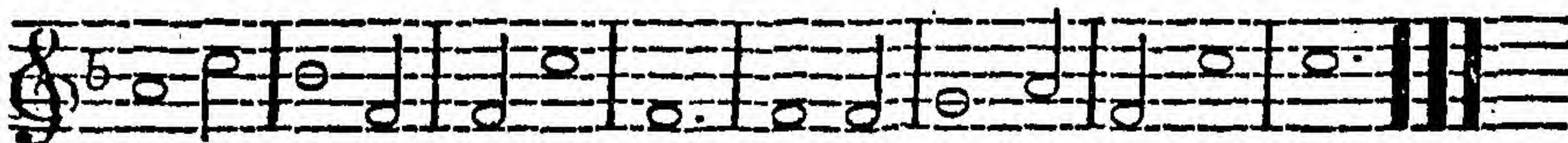
No. 7. — P S A L M C.

Lively.

Translated by the late Rev. William Dodd, D. D.



1. Joy - ful, O ye na-tions, sing; Come, and songs of gladness bring:
2. He is God, the King of kings, Who, to all cre - a - ted things,
3. Come, then, to his courts re - pair; Come, and glad-ly en - ter there;
4. Well may we his praise proclaim, Goodness is his nature's name;



1. Cheerful service, thankful lays, Come be-fore the Lord with praise.
2. Be-ing gave; our Shepherd He, We his sheep his peo - ple be.
3. En-ter glad with so-lemn songs, Ho - ly hearts, and tune-ful tongues.
4. Mer-cy ne-ver leaves his throne, Truth and God are e - ver one.

No. 16. — P S A L M XV.

HRMN by Mr. Addison, *Spectator*, vol. vi. p. 321.

Moderato.

New Version. — Common Metre.



1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My ri-sing soul fur-veys,
2. Un-number'd comforts on my soul, Thy tender care be-stow'd;
3. Thy care, O God, my life sus-tain'd, And all my wants re-drest;



1. Transported with the view I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
2. Be-fore my in-fant heart conceiv'd From whence those com-forts flow'd.
3. When in the si-lent womb I lay, And hung up - on the breast.

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END OF THE SECOND TENOR.